THE

PLAYS

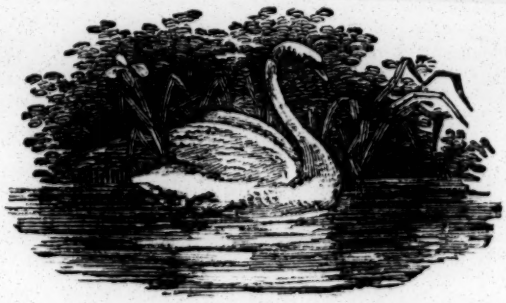
OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH;

CONTAINING

MACBETH.... KING JOHN.... KING RICHARD II.



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Harding's Edition.

MACBETH,

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

IN order to make a true eſtimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always neceſſary to examine the genius of his age and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who ſhould now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agents, would be cenſured as tranſgreſſing the bounds of probability, be baniſhed from the theatre to the nurſery, and condemned to write fairy tales inſtead of tragedies; but a ſurvey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakſpeare was in no danger of ſuch cenſures, ſince he only turned the ſyſtem that was then univerſally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not ſtrictly the ſame, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in moſt, by the learned themſelves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkneſs of ignorance has been more groſs; but it cannot be ſhown, that the brighteſt gleams of knowledge have at any time been ſufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, ſeems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Chriſtians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical oppoſition, as they aſcribed their ſucceſs to the aſſiſtance of their military ſaints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe *(Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote)* that the firſt accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by thoſe who returned from their eaſtern expeditions. But there is always ſome diſtance between the birth

and maturity of folly as of wickedneſs: this opinion had long exiſted, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been ſo frequent, nor the reception ſo general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practiſed this kind of military magic, and having promiſed χώρις ὁπλίτων κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *to perform great things againſt the Barbarians without ſoldiers*, was, at the inſtance of the empreſs Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empreſs ſhowed ſome kindneſs in her anger, by cutting him off at a time ſo convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chryſoſtom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a ſcene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he ſuppoſes a ſpectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of deſtruction, and the arts of ſlaughter. Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσην γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to ſhow him in the oppoſite armies horſes flying by enchantment, armed men tranſported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chryſoſtom believed that ſuch performances were really to be ſeen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his deſcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that ſuch notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occaſion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally diſcovers prodigies, but as the ſcene of action was removed to a great diſtance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increaſing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ſtill continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whoſe conviction is ſtill commemorated in an annual ſermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumſtances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in perſon a woman accuſed of witchcraft, but had

had given a very formal account of the practices and illuſions of evil ſpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies uſed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juſtice of puniſhing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottiſh dialect, and publiſhed at Edinburgh. This book was, ſoon after his ſucceſſion, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his ſpeculations, the ſyſtem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who deſired either to gain preferment or not to loſe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateſt part of mankind have no other reaſon for their opinions than that they are in faſhion, it cannot be doubted but this perſuaſion made a rapid progreſs, ſince vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection ſoon reached the parliament, who, in the firſt year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any perſon ſhall uſe any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked ſpirit; 2. or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or curſed ſpirit to or for any intent or purpoſe; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the ſkin, bone, or any part of the dead perſon, to be employed or uſed in any manner of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or ſhall uſe, practiſe, or exerciſe any ſort of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any perſon ſhall be deſtroyed, killed, waſted, conſumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every ſuch perſon being convicted ſhall ſuffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakſpeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once eſtabliſhed by law and by the faſhion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always ſeen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day diſcovered, and multiplied ſo faſt in ſome places, that biſhop Hall mentions a village in Lancaſhire, where their number was greater than that of the houſes. The jeſuits and ſectaries took advantage of this univerſal error, and endeavoured to promote the intereſt of their parties by pretended cures of perſons afflicted by evil ſpirits; but they were detected and expoſed by the clergy of the eſtabliſhed church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakſpeare might be eaſily allowed

allowed to found a play, eſpecially ſince he has followed with great exactneſs ſuch hiſtories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the ſcenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himſelf and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnſon's admirable introduction to this play, he ſeems apprehenſive that the fame of Shakſpeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I ſhall not heſitate, however, to predict its ſecurity, till our national taſte is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deſerve the firſt of all dramatic enjoyments; for ſuch, in my opinion at leaſt, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldeſt was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Iſles, and weſtern parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male iſſue, Duncan ſucceeded to the throne. Malcolm's ſecond daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his couſin german, Macbeth, in the caſtle of Inverneſs, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whoſe hiſtory of Scotland was firſt printed in ſeventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus deſcribes the event which forms the baſis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be perſuaſion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counſall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And becauſe he fand ſufficient opportunitie, *be ſupport of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he ſlew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, tranſlated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himſelf ſlain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time king Edward the Confeſſor poſſeſſed the throne of England. Holinſhed copied the hiſtory of Boethius, and on Holinſhed's relation Shakſpeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochabar of ſome of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerouſly wounded in the affray, the perſons

ſons concerned in this outrage were ſummoned to appear at a certain day. But they ſlew the *ſerjeant at arms* who ſummoned them, and choſe one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald ſpeedily collected a conſiderable body of forces from Ireland and the Weſtern Iſles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle, Malcolm, a Scottiſh nobleman, who was (ſays Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochabar," was ſlain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a caſtle in Lochabar, firſt ſlew his wife and children, and then himſelf. Macbeth on entering the caſtle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the caſtle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a ſubſequent period, in the laſt year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpoſe of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately aſſembled an army to oppoſe him, and gave the command of two diviſions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himſelf at the head of a third. Sueno was ſucceſsful in one battle, but in a ſecond was routed; and after a great ſlaughter of his troops he eſcaped with ten perſons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invaſion of Sueno, our author has woven theſe two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the preſent play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's hiſtory as a ſubject for the ſtage. "*Multa hic fabuloſe quidam noſtrorum affingunt; ſed, quia* theatris *aut Mileſiis fabulis ſunt aptiora quam hiſtoriæ, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no tranſlation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland:
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his ſons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army.*
MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, MENTETH, ANGUS, CATHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
FLEANCE, *ſon to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *earl of* Northumberland, *general of the* Engliſh *forces:*
Young SIWARD, *his ſon.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An Engliſh *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Meſſengers.
The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in* England; *through the reſt of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.*

WHEN ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won:
3. *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vaniſh.*

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal. This is the ſergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy ſoldier, fought
'Gainſt my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The mercileſs Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him,) from the weſtern iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deſerves that name,)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his paſſage, till he fac'd the ſlave;
And ne'er ſhook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
Dun. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold.

Sold. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both:—Go, get him ſurgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Roſſe.
Len. What a haſte looks through his eyes! So ſhould he look,
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the king!
Dun. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy thane?
Roſſe. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a diſmal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt:—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.
Dun. What he hath loſt, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?
2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3. *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?
1. *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband's to Aleppo gone, maſter o' the Tiger:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3. *Witch.* And I another.
1. *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

I' the

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Thurston del.t Vandenberghe sc.t

Macbeth

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I' the ſhipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Show me, ſhow me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips:—You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhow? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Mach. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban.

Thurston dol.ᵗ. Vandenburg so

Macbeth

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Pub.ᵈ 1 July 1798 by Ew.ᵈ Harding 98 Pall Mall.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had ſtaid!
Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?
Macb. Your children ſhall be kings.
Ban. You ſhall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?
Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

Roſſe. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came poſt with poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
To herald thee into his ſight, not pay thee.
Roſſe. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,
When thoſe that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—
Couſins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This ſupernatural ſoliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears

Are

Are leſs than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal.

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompenſe is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known

No leſs to have done ſo, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.—Sons, kinſmen, thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—From hence to Inverneſs,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inverneſs. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves—air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king, who all-hail'd me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs: that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear;
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your tidings?

Enter

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So pleaſe you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond

This

This ignorant preſent, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purpoſes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my deſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,

The

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttreſs,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady M. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and paſs over the ſtage, a ſewer, and divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind. I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only

Vaulting

Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itſelf,
And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almoſt ſupp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beaſt was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now

Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I ſo ſworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only: When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.
Ban. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe!—Give me my ſword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent forth great largeſs to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhow'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.

Macb. Good repoſe, the while!

Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe

The

The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.——Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark! —Peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores: I have drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.
Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them.—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't.—My huſband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

Lady M. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry. Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the ſecond chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me, with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear. I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady M. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M.

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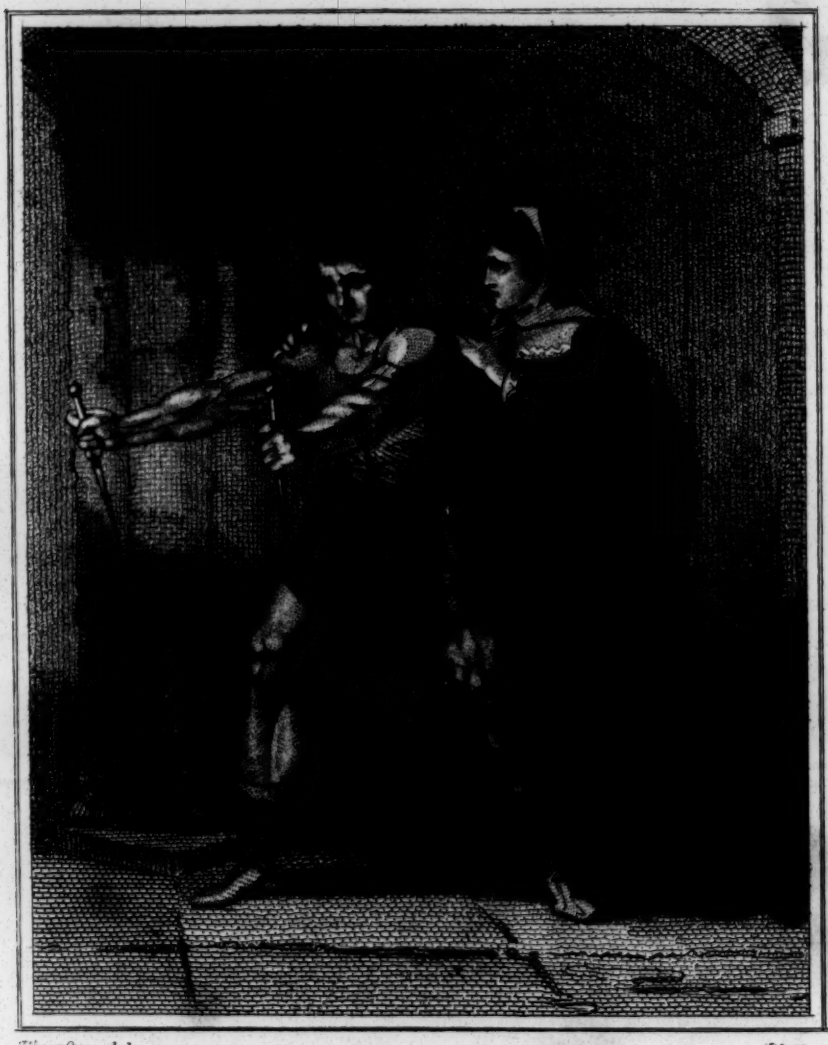

Thurston del. Platt sc

Macbeth

Page

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Lady M. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleave of care,
The death of each days life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe:
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!
Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brainſickly of things:—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How eaſy is it then? Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhow us to be watchers:—Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'ſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven:

heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe: Come in, tailor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to the everlaſting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

Port. 'Faith, ſir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock: and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Port. That it did, ſir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almoſt ſlipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit* MACDUFF.
Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obſcure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd.

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?
Len. Mean you his majeſty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf!—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak,——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal maſter's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopp'd; the very ſource of it is ſtopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They ſtar'd, and were diſtracted; no man's life
Was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauſer reaſon.—Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure, let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice.
Macb. And ſo do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhow an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal.

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Caſtle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tueſday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And Duncan's horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain,)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, ſir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the kings two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The ſacred ſtore-houſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—
adieu!——
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!
Roſſe. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Senet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen*; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Let your highneſs
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which

(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be
thus, is nothing;
But to be ſafely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour

To act in ſafety. There is none, but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
For Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings!
Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance!——Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and ſtay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
1. *Mur.* It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference; paſs'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how croſs'd; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,

To

To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men:
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,

That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2. *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2. *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1. *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves.
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs: and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.

It

It is concluded :——Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it;
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.
Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady M. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle, with his drowſy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, ſeeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and inviſible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3. *Mur.* Macbeth.
2. *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1. *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horſes.
Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.
1. *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3. *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!
3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1. *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1. *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*aſſaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave!
[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant eſcape.*
3. *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?
1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.
2. *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.
1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,
And laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.
Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate; but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i' the midſt:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he deſpatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Moſt royal ſir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's ſafe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the preſent.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourſelves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were beſt at home;

From

From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it pleaſe your highneſs ſit?
[*The ghoſt of* BANQUO *riſes, and ſits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!
Roſſe. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, ſir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves
your highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy gory locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:

This

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:——Give me ſome wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

Ghoſt

Ghoſt riſes.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, ſit ſtill.
Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,

And

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majeſty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, and underſtood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you ſend to him, ſir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.
Lady M. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.

Macb.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. *Enter* HECATE, *meeting the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhow the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal-fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And

And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;

For

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate the king, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, to hold what diſtance

His

His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. *Enter the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldeſt ſtone,
Days and nights haſt thirty one
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd ſalt-ſea ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,

(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?

Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Diſmiſs me:—Enough.
[*deſcends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—

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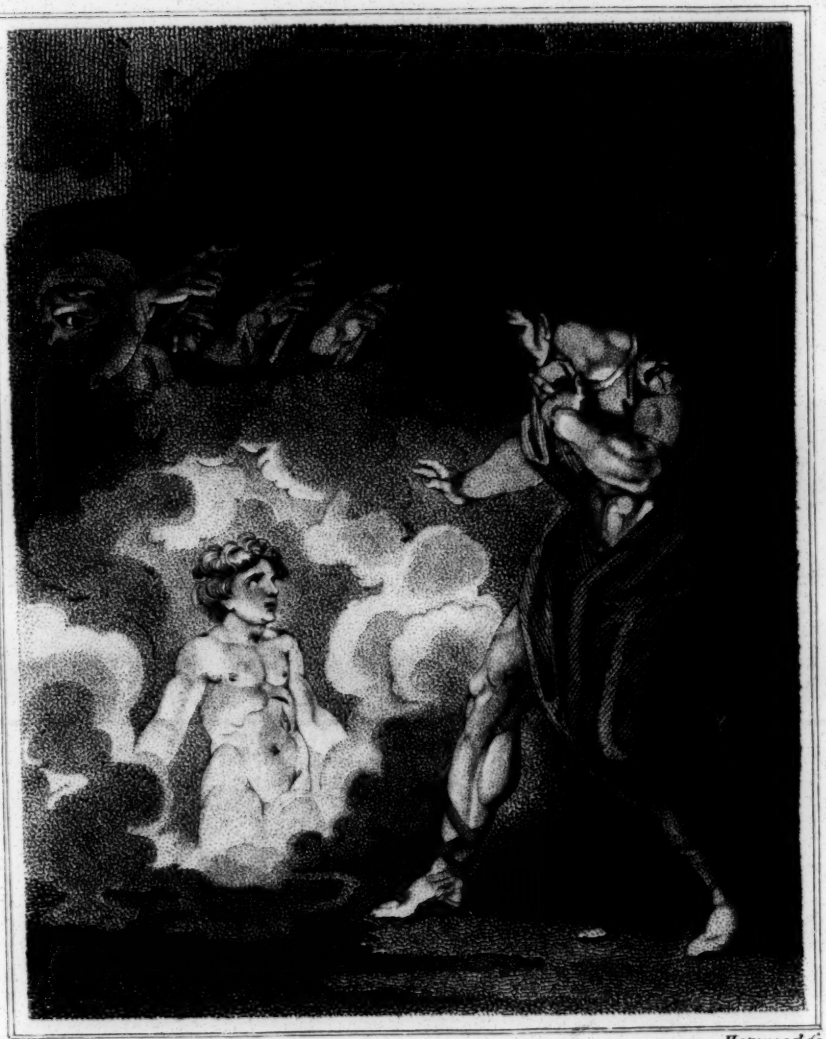

Thurston del — Hopwood sc

Macbeth

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1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate: thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane hill
Shall come againſt him. [*deſcends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, riſe never, till the wood
Of Birnam riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much,) ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know:—
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Show! 2. *Witch.* Show! 3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

Eight kings appear, and paſs over the ſtage in order; the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand: Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you ſhow me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhows me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſceptres carry:
Horrible ſight!—Ay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?

1. *Witch.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhow the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:

That

That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Muſick. The* Witches *dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace his line. No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool:
But no more ſights!—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her ſon, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o' the ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSSE.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? Poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm?——What are theſe faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son.

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and purſued by the murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance.
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me; and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon,
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:

Though

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I have loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife, and child,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties:—You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth

Will

Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will: Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch a one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe:
And my more-having would be as a ſauce

To

To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeding luſt: and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſeverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day ſhe lived. Fare thee well!

Theſe

Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, ſir: there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That

That ſtay his cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art; but, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, ſince my here-remain in England,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!

Roſſe. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air,

Are

Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſy: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.

Macd.

Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter a DOCTOR *of phyſick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. —In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, ſir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here ſhe comes! This is her very guiſe; and, upon my life, faſt aſleep. Obſerve her; ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady M. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſhe now?——What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady M. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charged.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight:
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The ſpirits that know
All mortal conſequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.——Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures:
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream'd-fac'd loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?
Ser. There is ten thouſand——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, ſir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?
Ser. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am ſick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I ſay!—This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſſeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:

And

And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round;
Hang thoſe that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.
Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff:—
Seyton, ſend out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, ſir, deſpatch;—If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt

The

The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull't off, I ſay.—
What rhubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence?—Heareſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam foreſt come to Dunſinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunſinane: *A Wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunſinane. *Within the Caſtle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within, of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir

As

As life were in't: I have ſupp'd full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, ſay, ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—

I pull in reſolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunſinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunſinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the eſtate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Plain before the Caſtle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhow like thoſe you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.
[*They fight, and young* Siward *is ſlain.*
Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhow thy face:
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheathe

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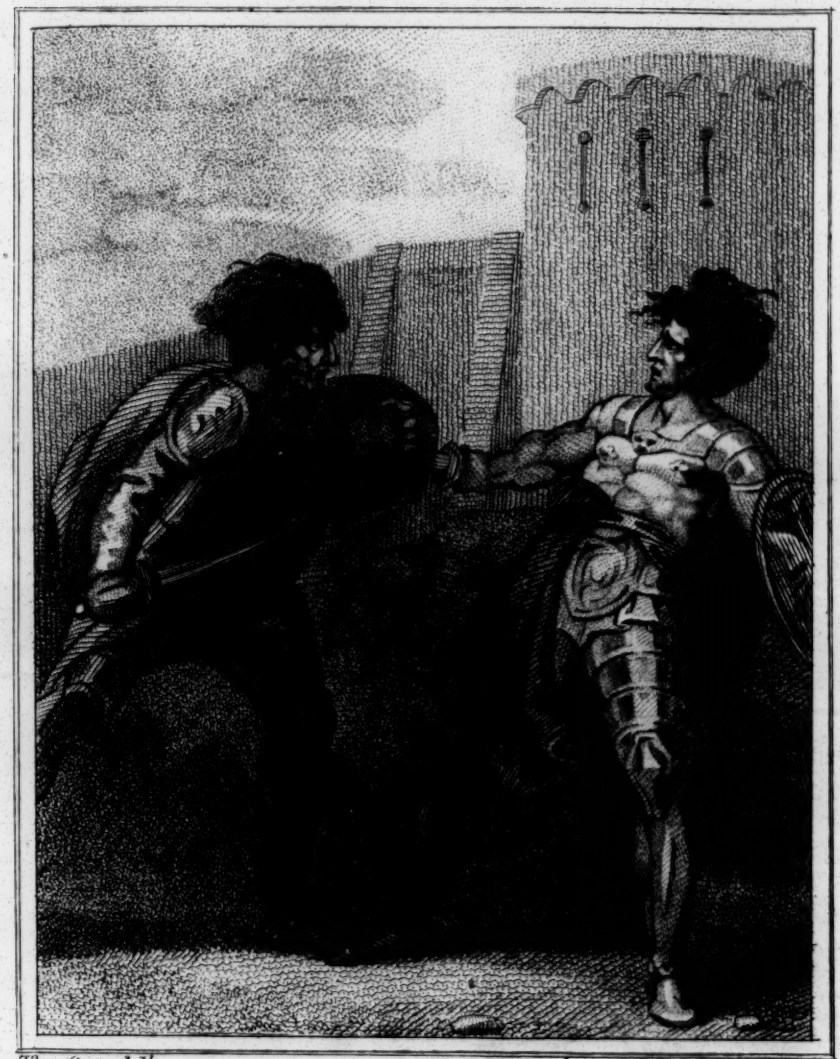

Thurston del.ᵗ Platt sc

Macbethe

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I ſheathe again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear

I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhow and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flouriſh. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.

Roſſe.

Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinſmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Harding's Edition.

KING JOHN,

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE Troubleſome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakſpeare and W. Rowley, and printed in 1611. But the preſent play is entirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakſpeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The firſt edition that I have found of this play in its preſent form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not ſeen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon miſtakes when he ſays there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakſpeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is aſcribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakſpeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally miſtaken when he ſays that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There muſt have been ſome tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the firſt *King John;* and when Shakſpeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookſeller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was firſt publiſhed in 1591. Shakſpeare has preſerved the greateſt part of the conduct of it, as well as ſome of the lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and ſimilar ſcraps of learning ſcattered over this motley piece, aſcertain it to have been the work of a ſcholar. It contains likewiſe a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a ſcene where the Baſtard is repreſented as plundering a monaſtery, there are ſtrokes of humour, which ſeem, from their particular turn, to have been moſt evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this hiſtorical drama there is a ſubſequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whoſe name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakſpeare. I admitted this play ſomeyears ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I publiſhed from the old editions; but a more careful peruſal of it, and a further conviction of his cuſtom of borrowing plots, ſentiments, &c. diſpoſes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

A play

A play entitled *The troubleſome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, ſays that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakſpeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *ſecond* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaſer, and to lead him to ſuppoſe the piece was Shakſpeare's play, which at that time was not publiſhed.—Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only ſome tranſactions of his reign to the time of his demiſe, being an interval of about ſeventeen years.

THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinſhed, Stowe, &c. are cloſely followed not only in the conduct, but ſometimes in the very expreſſions throughout the following hiſtorical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II. Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V. Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

"A booke called *The Hiſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter hiſtory, or a play on the ſame ſubject. For the original *K. John*, ſee *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs.

STEEVENS.

The hiſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a proſe narrative, in bl. l. The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "Richard *Cur* de Lion," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilſon, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and firſt exhibited in the year 1598. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN:
PRINCE HENRY, *his ſon*; *afterwards King* Henry III.
ARTHUR, *Duke of* Bretagne, *ſon of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of King* John.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of* Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of* Eſſex, *Chief Juſticiary of* England.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of* Saliſbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of* Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *ſon of Sir* Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother*; *baſtard ſon to K.* Richard *the Firſt.*
JAMES GURNEY, *ſervant to Lady* Faulconbridge.
PETER *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCH-DUKE *of* Auſtria.
CARDINAL PANDULPHO, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a* French *Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

ELINOR, *the widow of King* Henry II. *and mother of King* John.
CONSTANCE, *mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and niece to King* John.
Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to the baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, *Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in England, *and ſometimes in* France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

King John.

NOW, ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning;—borrow'd majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffery's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal ſovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce theſe rights ſo forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; ſo anſwer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furtheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canſt report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.
Eli. What now, my ſon? have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right, for us.
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, ſhall hear.

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonſhire, *who whiſpers* ESSEX.

Eſſex. My liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, ſhall pay

Re-enter

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his baſtard brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Baſt. Your faithful ſubject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonſhire; and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems.
Baſt. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king.
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Baſt. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Baſt. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old ſir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;—
O old ſir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Baſt. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Baſt. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,

That

That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In ſooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him: This concludes,—
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Baſt. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, ſir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Baſt. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, ſir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods,
My arms ſuch eelſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land,

'Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be ſir Nob in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

Baſt. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet ſell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Baſt. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Baſt. Philip, my liege; ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old ſir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down Philip, but ariſe more great;
Ariſe ſir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Baſt. Brother by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, ſir Robert was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me ſo.

Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
Something about, a little, from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night:
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot:
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haſt thou thy deſire,

A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Baſt. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou waſt got i'the way of honeſty.
[*Exeunt all but the* Baſtard.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
Good den, ſir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable,
For your converſion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picked man of countries:——*My dear ſir*,
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I ſhall beſeech you—That is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book:—
O ſir, ſays anſwer, *at your beſt command*;
At your employment; *at your ſervice, ſir*:——
No, ſir, ſays queſtion; *I, ſweet ſir, at yours*:
And ſo, ere anſwer knows what queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, aad Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit, like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack, or no;)

And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.—
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Lady F. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Baſt. My brother Robert? old ſir Robert's ſon?
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it ſir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady F. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir Robert?
He is ſir Robert's ſon; and ſo art thou.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Baſt. Philip?—ſparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* Gurney.
Madam, I was not old ſir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confeſs!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,

To

To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Baſt. Knight, knight, good mother,—Baſiliſco-like:
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not ſir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd ſir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?
Lady F. Haſt thou denied thyſelf a Faulconbridge?
Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed:——
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!—
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd, paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not with a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.

Come,

Come, lady, I will ſhow thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin:
Who ſays it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one ſide, the Archduke of Auſtria, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and Forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God ſhall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,

Whoſe

Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Even till that utmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.——
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wiſh,
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee; Chatillon, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,

And

And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unſettled humours of the land,—
Raſh, inconſiderate, firy voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,—
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcath in Chriſtendo n.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Baſtard, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our

Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's ſake,
With burden of our armour here we ſweat:
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Outfaced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermaſtereſt?

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whoſe help, I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. John.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuſe; it is to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou doſt call uſurper, France?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer;—thy uſurping ſon.
Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king;
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!
Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! By my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace!
Baſt. Hear the crier.
Auſt. What the devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the devil, ſir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoke your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe!
Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' ſhoes upon an aſs:—
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we ſhall do ſtraight.

Lew.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very ſum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppreſſed boy: This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being

Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,—
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her ſin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her ſin;
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence, to cry aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us firſt.——
Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparation for a bloody ſiege,
And mercileſs proceeding by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waiſt do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But, on the ſight of us, your lawful king,——
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle:
And now, inſtead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears:
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Forwearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town;

Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, have all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a bleſſed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—

Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe,——

Baſt. Some baſtards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Baſt. St. George,—that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince,
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, ſirrah, [*To* AUSTRIA.] with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.

Auſt. Peace; no more.

Baſt. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll ſet forth,
In beſt appointment, all our regiments.

Baſt. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It ſhall be ſo;—[*To* LEWIS.] and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Alarums and Excurſions; then a Retreat. Enter a French *Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loſs, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an Engliſh *Herald, with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France;
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,

Died in the dying ſlaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies; whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One muſt prove greateſt: while they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one ſide, King JOHN, *with his power*; ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Baſtard; *at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, loſt more: And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroll, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Baſt. Ha, majeſty! how high thy glory towers,

When

When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the ſtained field,
You equal potents, firy-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, reſolv'd,
Be by ſome certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Baſt. By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death.
Your royal preſences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jeruſalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town:
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. An if thou haſt the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peeviſh town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls:
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be ſo:—Say, where will you aſſault?

K. John. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the ſouth,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth: [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And

And I ſhall ſhow you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without ſtroke, or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field:
Perſéver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe;
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O, two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed gates; for, at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,

The

The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon, fire, and ſmoke, and bounce;
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France:
Zounds! I was never ſo bethump'd with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whiſper: urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition:
Leſt zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: What ſay you?

K. John.

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea
(Except this city now by us beſieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs of the world.

K. Phi. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now infixed I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whiſpers with* BLANCH.

Baſt. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this reſpect, is mine:
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to ſpeak more properly,)
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That

That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge,)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſhall vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, aſk me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at ſaint Mary's chapel, preſently,
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Conſtance in this troop?—
I know, ſhe is not; for this match, made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much:—
Where is ſhe and her ſon? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.—

Brother

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity:—I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Baſtard.—*The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Baſt. Mad world! mad kings! mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whoſe armour conſcience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier,) rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil;
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itſelf is peiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

This

This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:
And this ſame bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay,—there is no ſin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Conſt. Gone to be married! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſſpoke, misheard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo;
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confeſs, thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.
Conſt. O, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight;
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, madam, be content.
Conſt. If thou, that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;

That

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Thurston del. *Hopwood sculp.*

King John, Act 3rd scene 1st

Const. *Here I and Sorrow sit &c*

Published by Vernor & Hood 1 April 1799.

That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping John :—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee:
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herſelf on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Baſtard, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day,
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchemiſt;
Turning, with ſplendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holyday.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—— [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:

Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſs'd:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be huſband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ſunſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Conſt. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: Thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,

A ramping

A ramping fool; to brag, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is,
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiouſly demand,
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This, in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?
Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart,
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom,
Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt, ſo groſsly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curſes; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,

Let

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that archheretick;
And raiſe the power of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,
Or the light loſs of England for a friend:
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.

Conſt. O Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Conſt. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a calf's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows;
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——
Heaven knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm;
Unſwear faith ſworn; and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy ſir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe

Some

Some gentle order; and then we ſhall be bleſs'd
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tiger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf:
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is, to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood falſehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion;
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt;
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth
Againſt an oath: The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;

Elſe, what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee;
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt.

Conſt. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muſe, your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou ſhalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Baſt. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: Fair day adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win;
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe;
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe;
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.—
[*Exit* Baſtard.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition,
Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi.

K. Phi. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excurſions. Enter the Baſtard, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Baſt. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Baſt. My lord, I reſcu'd her;
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Alarums; *Excurſions*; *Retreat*. *Enter King* JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Baſtard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind,
[*To* ELINOR.
So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad:
[*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, [*To the* Baſtard.] away for England; haſte before:
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; impriſoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.

Baſt. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair ſafety: ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle couſin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit* Baſtard.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aſide.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh

There is a ſoul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to ſay,—
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.

K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet:
But thou ſhalt have; and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay,—But let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a churchyard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:

But

But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.
K. John. Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember.———Madam, fare you well:
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your majeſty.
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. John. For England, couſin:
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted ſail
Is ſcatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a ſoul;
Holding the eternal ſpirit, againſt her will,
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now! now ſee the iſſue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Conſtance!
Conſt. No, I defy all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,

Death,

Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench! ſound rottenneſs!
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy déteſtable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſehold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy wife! Miſery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world;
And rouſe from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conſtance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon;

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up thoſe treſſes: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs!
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiry friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conſt. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die; and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dreſs.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows' cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*
Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields naught, but ſhame, and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt; evils, that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhow evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis ſtrange, to think how much king John hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his priſoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak, with a prophetick ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt:
A ſceptre, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up:
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Lew. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you:
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth,
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it:
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
No ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,

Abortives,

Abortives, préſages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O, ſir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent:
Now that their ſouls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reaſons make ſtrong actions: Let us go;
If you ſay ay, the king will not ſay, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter HUBERT, *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me theſe irons hot; and, look thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long;
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:

He

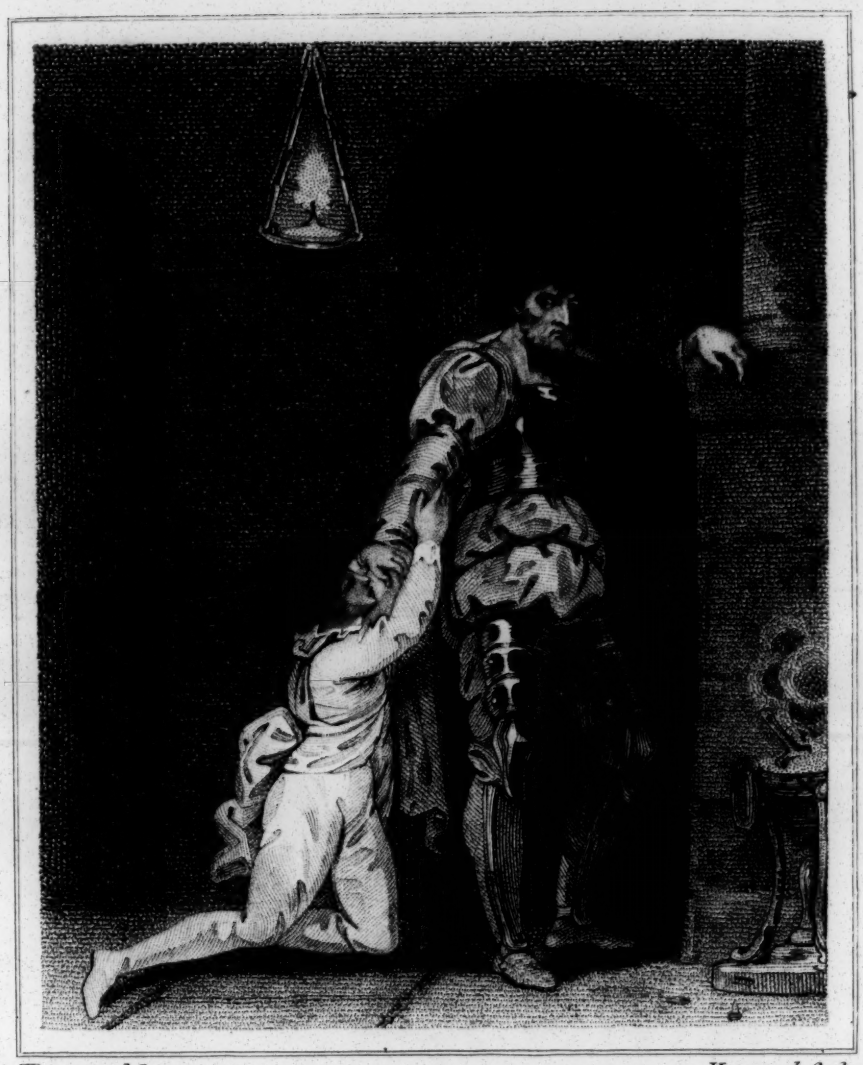
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and deſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;

But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his firy indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons,* &c.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,

Nor



Thurston del. *Hopwood sculp.*

King John. Act 4th. scene 1st.

Arth.——— *Will you put out mine eyes?*

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: See elſe yourſelf;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven;—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go cloſely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned*; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his ſtate.*

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt;
Freſh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs.
Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs:
And, oftentimes, excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe;
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel: but it pleas'd your highneſs
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong:
And more, more ſtrong, (when leſſer is my fear,)
I ſhall indue you with: Mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,)
Both for myſelf and them, (but, chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies,) heartily requeſt
The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong,) ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this

To

To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed;
He ſhow'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpéct of his
Does ſhow the mood of a much-troubled breaſt;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick:
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal.

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame,
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo farewell.
Pemb. Stay yet, lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus born: this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood:
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.——

Enter a Meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; Where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Meſſ. From France to England.—Never ſuch a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them;
For, when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army could be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?
Meſſ. My liege, her ear
Is ſtopp'd with duſt; the firſt of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,

The

The lady Conſtance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France!—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?
Meſſ. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Baſtard *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.—Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afeard to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung, in rude harſh-ſounding rhymes,
That,

That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he ſays,
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Baſt. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Saliſbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.
K. John. Gentle kinſman, go,
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.——
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!—
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a ſpriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him: for he, perhaps, ſhall need

Some

Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Meſſ. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the ſtreets
Do prophecy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear;
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, (which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation!
How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadeſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,

And

And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, anſwer not: but to my cloſet bring,
The angry lords, with all expedient haſte:
I conjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

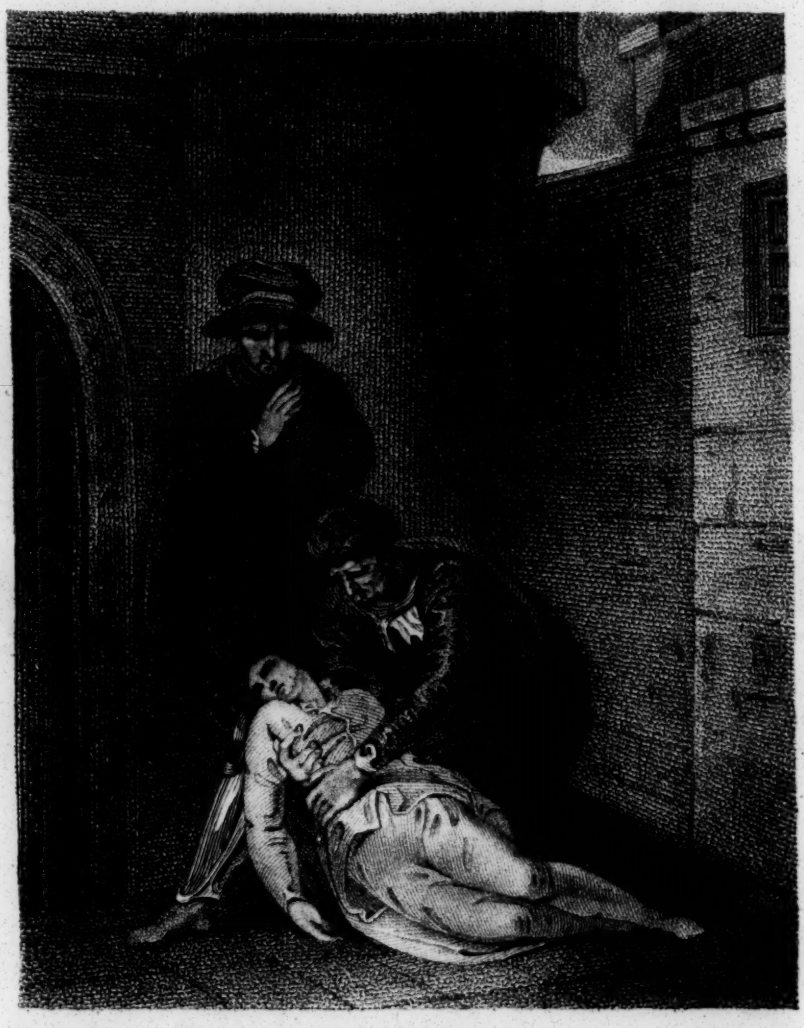
Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!——
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ſhipboy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:—
Heaven take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at ſaint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whoſe private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than theſe lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then ſet forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter



Thurston del. Hopwood sculp.

King John.

Act 4th. scene 3d.

Published by Vernor & Hood 1 April 1799.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Enter the Baſtard.

Baſt. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtain'd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Baſt. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his privilege.
Baſt. 'Tis true; to hurt his maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this, ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Baſt. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpoſe, of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to his breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal.

Sal. Muſt I rob the law?
[*Drawing his ſword.*

Baſt. Your ſword is bright, ſir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none: Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.

Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Baſt. Thou wert better gall the devil, Saliſbury:
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;
Or I'll ſo maul you and your toaſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,

For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
The uncleanly favours of a ſlaughter-houſe;
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

Baſt. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, ſir.

Baſt. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing, is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul,——

Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.——
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, bear him in thine arms.——
I am amaz'd, methinks; and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and ſcamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt,)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again
[*Giving* JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſter'd,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But, ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,

Upon

Upon your oath of ſervice to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Aſcenſion-day at noon,
My crown I ſhould give off? Even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Baſtard.

Baſt. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Baſt. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.

Away;

Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be ſaid!—Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Baſt. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.

Baſt. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to theſe lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury:
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up

Her

Her enemies' ranks, (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a pagan ſhore;
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper doſt thou ſhow in this;
And great affections, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As Lewis himſelf:—ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions ſet the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail! noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhow.

Lew. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at control,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this châſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,

After

After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lew. Outſide or inſide, I will not return
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promiſed
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe firy ſpirits from the world,
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter the Baſtard, *attended.*

Baſt. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am ſent to ſpeak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well:—Now hear our Engliſh king;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops,
The king doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame:
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

Their

Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt outſcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majeſty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.
Meſſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtraight;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another part of the ſame.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French;
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpite of ſpite, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, king John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;

Which

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Reſolveth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe; ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt:
But even this night,—whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this reſpect beſides,
For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman,—
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——

My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.

The ſame. The French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

Lew. The ſun of heaven, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtay'd, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh
When the Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Meſſ. The count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh lords,
By his perſuaſion, are again fallen off:
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk, on Goodwin ſands.
Lew. Ah, foul ſhrewd news!—Beſhrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that ſaid,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?

Meſſ.

Meſſ. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter the Baſtard, *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A friend:—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Baſt. Whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Baſt. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: an if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt befriend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeleſs night,
Have done me ſhame:—Brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Baſt. Come, come; ſans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Baſt. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my ſweet ſir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Baſt. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Baſt. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.

Baſt. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he ſtill rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.
Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
P. Hen. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible; and his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould ſing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale faint ſwan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;

And, from the organpipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forſook, caſt off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom: nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not aſk you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell: and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter

Enter the Baſtard.

Baſt. O, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.
K. John. O couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the ſhrouds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Baſt. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.——
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetual ſhame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

Straight let us ſeek, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems, you know not then ſo much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath deſpatch'd
To the ſeaſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To cónſummate this buſineſs happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd;
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Baſt. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This

This England never did, (nor never ſhall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt.*

Harding's Edition.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

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AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

BUT this hiſtory compriſes little more than the two laſt years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accuſation of high treaſon, which fell out in the year 1398; and it cloſes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-caſtle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the enſuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a paſſage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the ſubject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained buſineſs of the earl of Eſſex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accuſed, amongſt other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curaſſet."

I have ſince met with a paſſage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in Engliſh. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of depoſing *King Richard the Second*;——when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they ſhould have loſs in playing it, becauſe few would come to it, there was forty ſhillings extraordinary given to play, and ſo thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether ſome of the *rhyming* parts of the preſent play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it muſt have been very different; ſince, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, there are ſome expreſſions in this of Shakſpeare, which ſtrongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeaſible right*. FARMER.

It

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be repreſented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"*exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi ſecundi*;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which paſſed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) ſays, "That the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of depoſing* King *Richard the Second*." But in a more particular account of the proceeding againſt *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is ſtated thus: "The ſtory of HENRY IV. being ſet forth in a play, and in that play there being ſet forth the killing of the king upon a ſtage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and ſome others of the earl's train having an humour to ſee a play, they muſt needs have *the play of* HENRY IV. The players told them that was ſtale; they ſhould get nothing by playing that; but no play elſe would ſerve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty ſhillings to *Philips* the player to play this, beſides whatſoever he could get."

Auguſtine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe play-houſe with *Shakſpeare* in 1603; but the play here deſcribed was certainly not *Shakſpeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakſpeare was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the ſame year. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King RICHARD *the Second.*

EDMUND *of* Langley, *Duke of* York;
JOHN *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter; } *uncles to the King.*

HENRY, *ſurnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of* Hereford, *ſon to* John *of* Gaunt; *afterwards King* Henry IV.

Duke of AUMERLE, *ſon to the Duke of* York.

MOWBRAY, *Duke of* Norfolk.

Duke of SURREY.

Earl of SALISBURY. *Earl* BERKLEY.

BUSHY,
BAGOT, } *creatures to King* Richard.
GREEN,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *his ſon.*

Lord ROSS. *Lord* WILLOUGHBY. *Lord* FITZWATER.

Biſhop of CARLISLE. *Abbot of* WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marſhal; and another Lord.

Sir PIERCE *of* Exton. *Sir* STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Ducheſs of GLOSTER.

Ducheſs of YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Meſſengers, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly in* England *and* Wales.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN *of* GAUNT, *and other* Nobles, *with him.*

K. Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon;
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,—
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your highneſs, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeak:—
[*Exeunt ſome* Attendants.
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

Re-enter

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!
Nor. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. Firſt, (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.
Nor. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can

Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay:
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him—a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſpeak my life ſhall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious villain.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,—
That all the treaſons, for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloſter's death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And, conſequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement;
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Nor. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's ſon,)

Now

Now by my ſceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul;
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I duly to his highneſs' ſoldiers:
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent;
For that my ſovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now ſwallow down that lie.——For Gloſter's death,——
I ſlew him not; but, to my own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But, ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom:
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep-malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.
Gaunt. To be a makepeace ſhall become my age:—
Throw down, my ſon, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.
Nor. Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.
K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is—ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt
Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take

Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſtfallen in my father's ſight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shallwound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear;
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command:
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry, upon ſaint Lambert's day;
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign the victor's chivalry.—
Marſhal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, *and Ducheſs of* Gloſter.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.

But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeven fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dried by nature's courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloſter,—
One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that ſelf-mould, that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhow'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafe-guard thine own life,
The beſt way is—to 'venge my Gloſter's death.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myſelf?
Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewell: I muſt to Coventry:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go;
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhy viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York there ſee,
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,

Unpeopled

Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where:
Deſolate, deſolate, will I hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green *near* Coventry.

Liſts ſet out and a throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marſhal, *and* AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his majeſty's approach.

Flouriſh of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his ſeat on his throne*; GAUNT, *and ſeveral noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms:
Aſk him his name; and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms:

Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[*He takes his ſeat.*

Trumpet ſounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truſty fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:
For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highneſs,
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, [*To* LORD MARSHAL.] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle;—
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To* GAUNT.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,

Doth

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy:
Rouſe up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and ſaint George to thrive!

[*He takes his ſeat.*

Nor. [*Riſing.*] However, heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine adverſary.—
Moſt mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marſhal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their ſeats.*

Mar.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Riſing.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
[*A charge ſounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:———
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh.*
Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect

Of

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' ſwords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;
Which ſo rous'd up with boiſterous untun'd drums,
With harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories:———
You, couſin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,———
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce:
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeleſs word of—never to return
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your highneſs' hand.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego;

And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp:
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night. [*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:—
You never ſhall (ſo help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,

One

One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepúlcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land:
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too ſoon, I fear, the king ſhall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I ſtray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpéct
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters ſpent,
Return [*To* BOLING.] with welcome home from baniſhment,

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exíle:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For, ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give:
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould have been more mild:
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him ſo;
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and Train.*

Aum. Couſin, farewell: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. O, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprenticehood
To foreign paſſages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus;
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, ſay—I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence ſtrew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
O, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; ſweet ſoil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,——
Though baniſh'd, yet a trueborn Engliſhman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the King's Caſtle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did obſerve.—Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-eaſt wind,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awak'd the ſleeping rheum; and ſo, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen, with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland;—
Expedient manage muſt be made, my liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war.

And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs,—are grown ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: If that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous ſick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath ſent poſt-haſte,
To entreat your majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray God, we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

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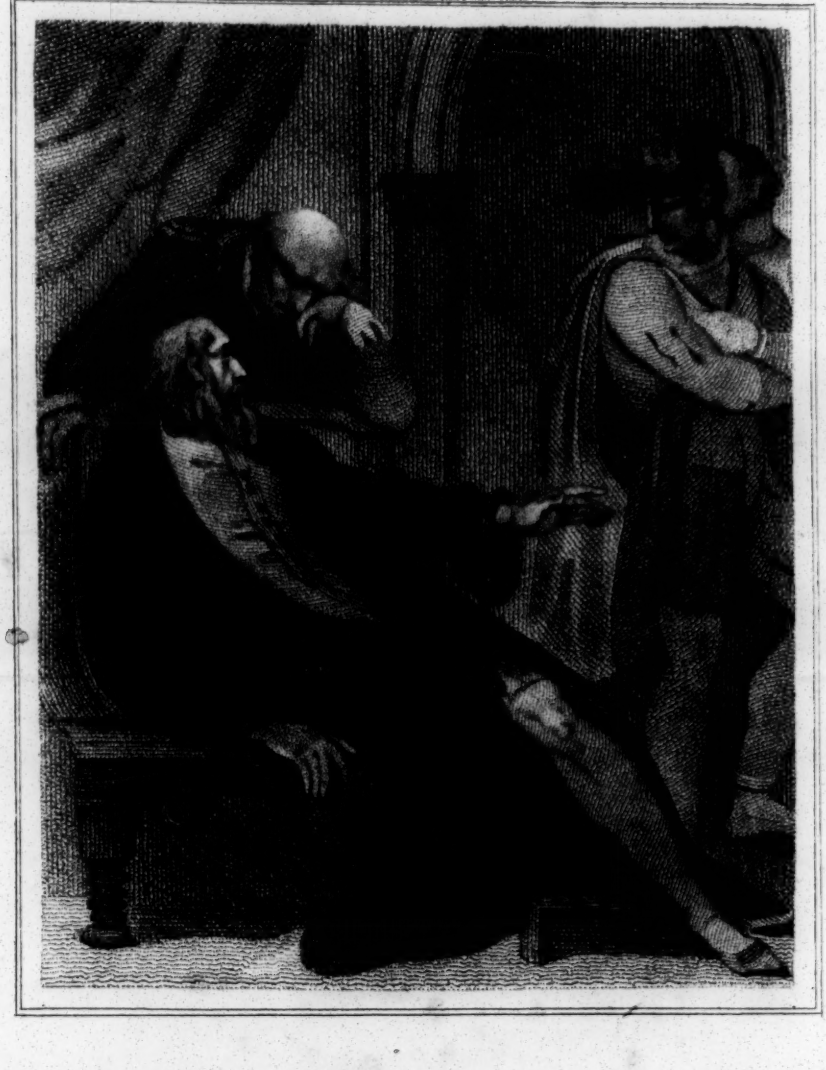

Richard the Second.

Act. 2. Scene. 1.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-houſe.*

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and Others ſtanding by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth.
York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick at the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt:
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is ſtopp'd with other flattering ſounds,
As, praiſes of his ſtate: then, there are found
Laſcivious metres; to whoſe venom ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud Italy;
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,

(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves:
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradiſe;
This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry,)
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon:
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf:
O, would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *and* Queen; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt—thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than thy land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
O, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Which art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame, to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And thou——
K. Rich. ——a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal majeſty,

Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. O, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood:
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!—
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beſeech your majeſty, impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His

His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloſter's death, nor Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me four my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

But

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf, for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I ſay true!)
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſs. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Roſs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,

That

That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.
North. His noble kinſman:—Moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North.

North. Then thus:—I have from Porte le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
The ſon of Richard Earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ſir John Ramſton,
Sir John Norbery, ſir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,———
All theſe, well furniſh'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away, with me, in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Buſhy. Madam, your majeſty is too much ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aſide life-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a cheerful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles: at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhow like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form: ſo your ſweet majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me, it is otherwiſe: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy ſad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.
Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God ſave your majeſty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ſhipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope he is;
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope;
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land:
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worſe,—
The lord Northumberland, his young ſon Henry Percy,
The lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the reſt of the revolting faction,
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſehold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!——
Uncle,
For heaven's ſake, ſpeak comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf:——

Now comes the ſick hour that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, ſo!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.——
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy, to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day, as I came by, I called there:—
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is it, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the ducheſs died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there poſts deſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the* Servant.] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus thruſt diſorderly into my hands,

Never

Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you:—Go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-caſtle.
I ſhould to Plaſhy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and* Queen.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the king in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purſes; and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle;
The earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majeſty.
Farewell: if heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is—numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Gloſterſhire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them weariſome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort; as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling.

Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſehold of the king.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenſpurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure,

I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompenſe:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what ſtir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, firy-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompenſe.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Ever more thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is—to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England;

And

And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in perſon.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But then more why;———Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe the anointed king is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,

As

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf,
Reſcued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
O, then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,—
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted, I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt died, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denied to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold;
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,

And

And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the king;
But, ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your grace, to go with us
To Briſtol caſtle; which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pauſe;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman;
The king repoſeth all his confidence
In thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
Theſe ſigns forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,

Fall

Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament!
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *priſoners.*

Boling. Bring forth theſe men.—
Buſhy, and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your death.
You have miſled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myſelf—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,——
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
Whilſt you have fed upon my ſignories,
Diſpark'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt woods;

From

From my own windows torn my houſehold coat,
Raz'd out my impreſs, leaving me no ſign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To ſhow the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, ſee them deſpatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with priſoners.*

Uncle, you ſay, the queen is at your houſe;
For heaven's ſake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have deſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The coaſt of Wales. *A caſtle in view.*

Flouriſh: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After late toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy,
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So, weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in ſpite of all.
The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuſe;
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin! know'ſt thou not,
That,

That, when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terreſtrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough-rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace ſo pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf: Am I not king?
Awake, thou ſluggard majeſty! thou ſleep'ſt.
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to ſerve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs, thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater

Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo:
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts harder than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy majeſty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms againſt thy crown:
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew againſt thy ſtate;
Yea, diſtaff women manage ruſty bills
Againſt thy ſeat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate:—
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.
Let's chooſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heaven's ſake, let's ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing

Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,—
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well:—Proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.——
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* AUMERLE.
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint caſtle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, diſcharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before* Flint *Caſtle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With ſome few private friends, upon this coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord Northumberland,
To ſay—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!
North. Your grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, further than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, further than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſ-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not
Myſelf againſt their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone:
And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of Carliſle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle;
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees, doth kiſs king Richard's hand;
And ſends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe the advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhow.
Go, ſignify as much; while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the Caſtle, with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from the caſtle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks,

Methinks, king Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the track
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND,
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhow us the hand of God!
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.

And

And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;——
Yet know,—my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtures' graſs with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! Thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon thy royal grandſire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn or ſaid,—
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,

His

His glittering arms he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay,—thus the king returns;——
His noble couſin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To* AUMERLE.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the king do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The king ſhall be contented. Muſt he loſe
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels, for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking-ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obſcure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their ſovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilſt I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; My tender-hearted couſin!—
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Moſt mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What ſays king Bolingbroke? will his majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays—ay.

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you; may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like gliſtering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.

In the baſe court? Baſe court, where kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In

In the baſe court? Come down? Down, court! down king!
For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What ſays his majeſty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhow fair duty to his majeſty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*
K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, [*Touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deſerve:—They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhow their love, but want their remedies.—
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling.

Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter the Queen, *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainſt the bias.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And

Richard the Second?

Act. 3. Scene. 4.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners:
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.—

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo
Againſt a change: Woe is forerun with woe.
[Queen *and* Ladies *retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight;
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm eſtate?
When our ſea-wal[illegible] garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,

Are

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king ſhall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am preſs'd to death,
Through want of ſpeaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeneſs,
[*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dreſs this garden, how dares
Thy harſh-rude tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I ſay, is true.

King

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, thou art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knows it? O, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Weſtminſter *Hall.*

The Lords ſpiritual on the right ſide of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:——
Now, Bagot, freely ſpeak thy mind;
What thou doſt know of noble Gloſter's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how bleſt this land would be,
In this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What

What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I ſay, thou lieſt,
And will maintain, what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun that ſhows me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee that day.

Fitz. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And, that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing; ſeize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forſworn Aumerle;
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies

As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From ſun to ſun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surry. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.

Fitz. Surry, thou lieſt.

Surry. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,

Till

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his land and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt; in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As ſure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoul to the boſom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence

Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhow ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's ſculls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth:
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, child's children, cry againſt you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, ſir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here:—

My lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.—
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender; ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To* CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with King* RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a king,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give ſorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the king!—Will no man ſay, amen?
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, amen.
God ſave the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what ſervice am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majeſty did make thee offer,——
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, couſin, ſeize the crown;
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought, you had been willing to reſign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.
Boling. Part of your cares you gave me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I reſign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myſelf:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all achiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave king Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſunſhine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depoſed.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my ſour croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, deſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.

Nay,

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory baſe; and ſovereignty, a ſlave;
Proud majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My lord,———

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, inſulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis uſurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
O, that I were a mockery king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight;
That it may ſhow me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfied.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book indeed
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's—myſelf.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glaſs.*

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.—

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his houſehold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that faced ſo many follies,
And was at laſt outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport,—
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow? Ha! let's ſee:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of lament
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,

I have

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet aſk.
K. Rich. And ſhall I have?
Boling. You ſhall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD, *ſome Lords, and a guard.*
Boling. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.
[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, *biſhop of* Carliſle, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe:—
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to ſupper; I will lay
A plot, ſhall ſhow us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower,
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand;
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouſe gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe:

Our

Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Tranform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiſs the rod;
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A king of beaſts, indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good ſometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compaſſion, weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,—
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where ſhivering cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the king with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke of YORK'S *Palace.*

Enter YORK, *and his* Ducheſs.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,

Which

Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cried—God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cried, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head!
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,—
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events;
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.
Duch. Welcome, my ſon: Who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it:
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear,———
Duch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainſt the triumph day.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhow it.

York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon!—villain! traitor! ſlave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a* Servant.] Saddle my horſe.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, fooliſh woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, ſon?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.

Duch. Thy life anſwer!

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my ſight.
[*To the* Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I ſay.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He ſhall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my ſon,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur, poſt; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke hath pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*; PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the taverns there,
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions;
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the prince;
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was,—he would unto the ſtews;
And from the commoneſt creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſperate: yet, through both
I ſee ſome ſparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *haſtily.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our couſin, that he ſtares and looks ſo wildly?
Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your majeſty,
To have ſome conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyſelf;
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon.
York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame,
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's ſake, let me in.
Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd,—from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*—

My dangerous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs, proſper may.
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt reſts ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Ducheſs.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beſeech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and ſoul, and all beſide:
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Duch. Nay, do not ſay—ſtand up;
But, pardon, firſt; and afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez moy.*
Duch. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Duch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,

With

With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where'er theſe traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and couſin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old ſon;—I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me;
As who ſhould ſay,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Caſtle.*

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how I may compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word:
As thus, *Come—little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,—
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,—
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,

Bearing

Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one perſon, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am: Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How ſour ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock;
My thoughts are minutes; and, with ſighs, they jar
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, ſir, the ſound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs poſting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,

In

In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet, bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that ſad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometimes maſter's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter

Enter Keeper, *with a diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the* Groom.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*
Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not; ſir Pierce of Exton, who Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee! Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the* Keeper.
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, *and Servants, armed.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault? Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's inſtrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another; then* EXTON *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*
Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I ſpilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Richard the Second.

Act. 5. Scene. 5.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

SCENE VI.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Gloſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en, or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs.
The next news is,—I have to London ſent
The heads of Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here. [*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of conſcience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carliſle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:—
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room,
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee have I ſeen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried fear: herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poiſon that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhow thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*